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NIGHTFALL IN LOUISIANA.

FAINTLY the breeze thro' the orange-grove sigheth,
Quaintly suggesteth the ghost of a lover,
Waking to wander as soon as day dieth,
Aching some shade of past bliss to discover.

Smile brighter now, O Moon,
While the day dies so soon,
Dies in a flash.
And hark! in the lagoon
A rhythmic splash,
As from his daylong swoon
The giant garfish wakes
And, now 'tis plenilune,
Into tumultuous tune
Full many a "zozo" breaks.

And see! in jasmine bowers
The long-tongued grapemoth hovers
Or in yon pursed-up flowers
Much honey-gold discovers.
Ah! pirate of the summer night,
How swift and joyous is his flight!
He cares not—he—for house or tree,
But o'er their tops hums merrily.
The day to him is somewhat dim,
But in the moonlight see him swim!
Ah me!—with such rare powers of flight
How man might love Death's moonlit night!

HENRY W. AUSTIN.